PREQUEL TO THE HIT CW TV SERIES!

SUPERNATURAL

RISING SON

#6 of 6 NOV 08

FEATURING THE COMICS DEBUT OF SERIES CREATOR

ERIC KRIPKE!

WILDSTORM

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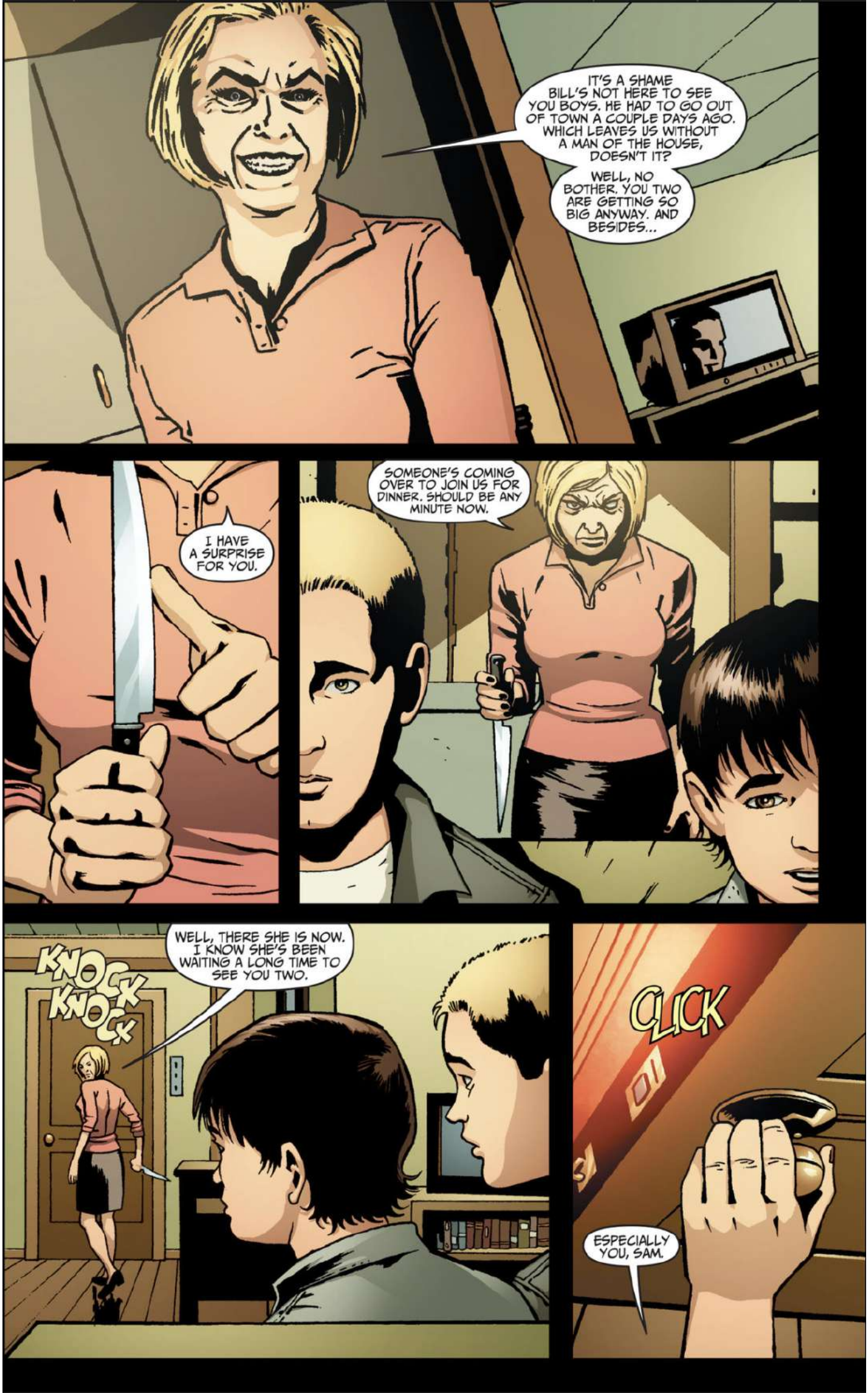
SOMEWHERE
How long has it been now? Too many years.
Some would call me crazy, I know. But I'm back on the road. I had to come here.
There's no rest now. Not for one second.
Not while he's in trouble.
We need to end this. For good. Now.


IT'S A SHAME BILL'S NOT HERE TO SEE YOU BOYS. HE HAD TO GO OUT OF TOWN A COUPLE DAYS AGO. WHICH LEAVES US WITHOUT A MAN OF THE HOUSE, DOESN'T IT?
WELL, NO BOTHER. YOU TWO ARE GETTING SO BIG ANYWAY. AND BESIDES...
I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU.
SOMEONE'S COMING OVER TO JOIN US FOR DINNER. SHOULD BE ANY MINUTE NOW.
KNOCK KNOCK
WELL, THERE SHE IS NOW. I KNOW SHE'S BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO SEE YOU TWO.
CLICK
ESPECIALLY YOU, SAM.

CHAPTER SIX

Writers - Peter Johnson & Rebecca Dessertine
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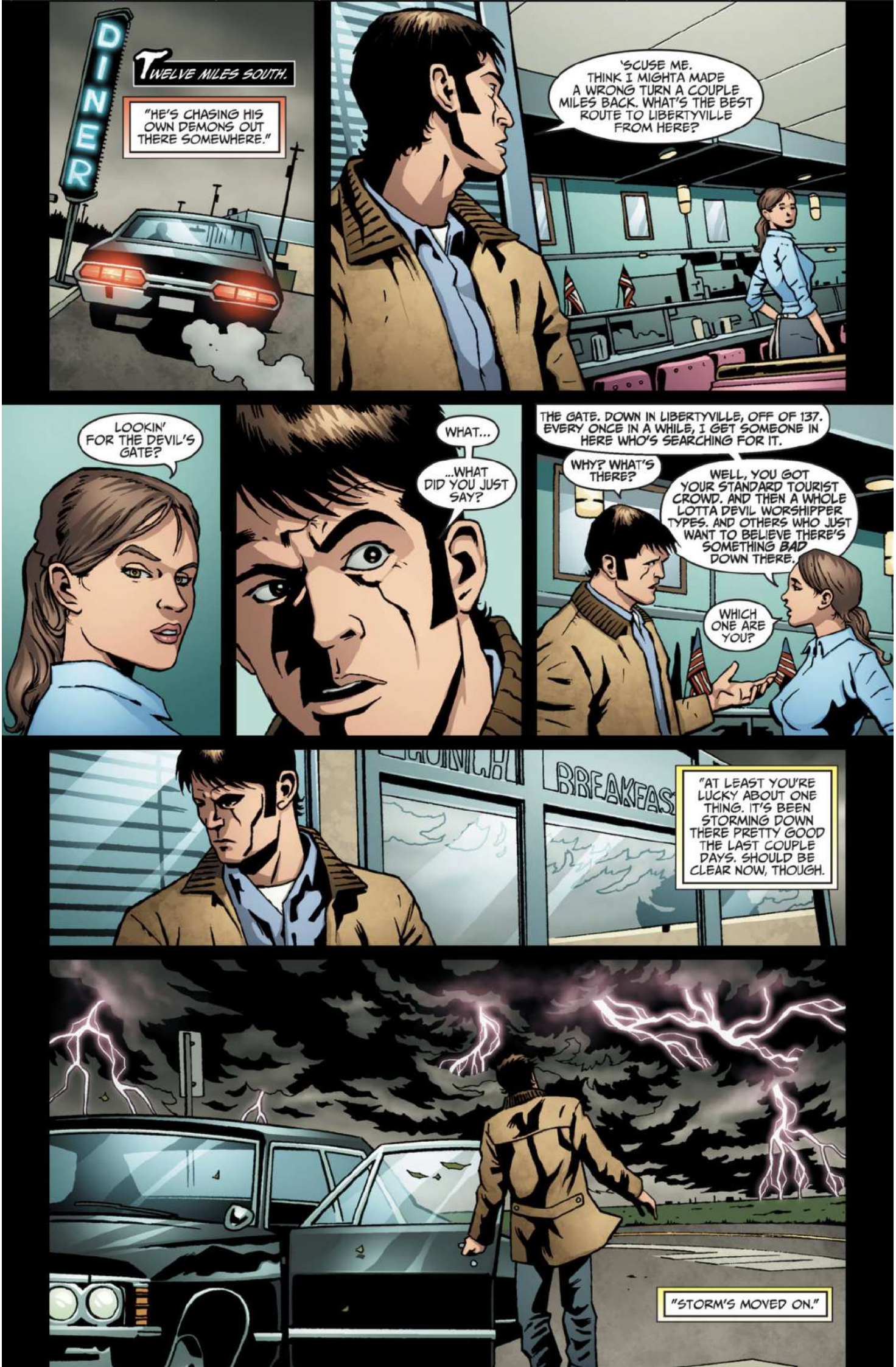
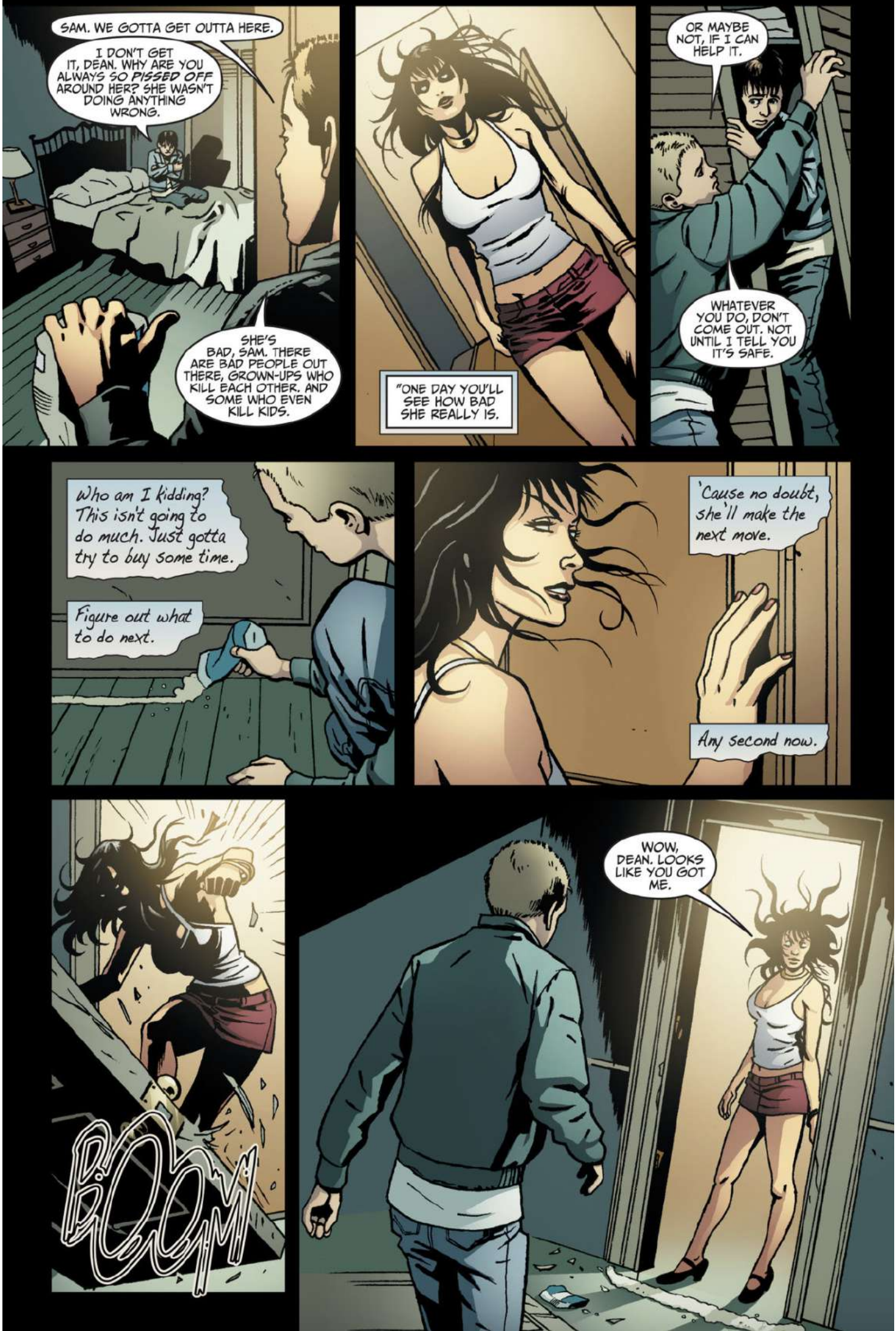
SUPERNATURAL created by Eric Kripke

NO.
DEAN. SAM. IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU AGAIN. I'VE HAD TO TRAVEL QUITE A WAYS TO CATCH BACK UP WITH YOU BOYS.
SAM, I'M SORRY WE NEVER MADE IT TO YOUR SCIENCE FAIR.
BUT NOW WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN.
WHY DID YOU LEAVE, MS. LYLE? BEFORE, I MEAN. BACK AT SCHOOL. WHERE DID YOU GO?
WE SENT HER AWAY, SAM. ME AND DAD.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
GO ON, DEAN. TELL HIM. IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE, DOES IT?
SAM, GET OUT OF HERE.

SAM, COME HERE.
I'M YOUR BROTHER, SAM. DO WHAT I SAY. RUN, HIDE, GO NOW.
BUT I WANT TO--
NOW!
I'LL GET HIM.
YOU DON'T NEED TO RUN, SAM. EVERYTHING'S FINE HERE.
NO NEED.
THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO. WE'RE ALL ALONE HERE. AND THIS TIME, HIS FATHER'S NOT AROUND.


DINER
TWELVE MILES SOUTH.
"HE'S CHASING HIS OWN DEMONS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE."
'SCUSE ME. THINK I MIGHTA MADE A WRONG TURN A COUPLE MILES BACK. WHAT'S THE BEST ROUTE TO LIBERTYVILLE FROM HERE?
LOOKIN' FOR THE DEVIL'S GATE?
WHAT...
...WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?
THE GATE. DOWN IN LIBERTYVILLE, OFF OF 137. EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, I GET SOMEONE IN HERE WHO'S SEARCHING FOR IT.
WHY? WHAT'S THERE?
WELL, YOU GOT YOUR STANDARD TOURIST CROWD. AND THEN A WHOLE LOTTA DEVIL WORSHIPPER TYPES. AND OTHERS WHO JUST WANT TO BELIEVE THERE'S SOMETHING BAD DOWN THERE.
WHICH ONE ARE YOU?
BREAKFAS
"AT LEAST YOU'RE LUCKY ABOUT ONE THING. IT'S BEEN STORMING DOWN THERE PRETTY GOOD THE LAST COUPLE DAYS. SHOULD BE CLEAR NOW, THOUGH.
"STORM'S MOVED ON."

STINGS, DOESN'T IT? CAN YOU TAKE THE PAIN AS WELL AS YOU GIVE IT?
WE TOOK CARE OF YOUR FRIENDS DOWN SOUTH, AND WHEN MY DAD COMES BACK, HE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, TOO.
YOU FORGET I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR FATHER. THAT'S ONE MESSED-UP FAMILY YOU'RE PART OF.
YOU THINK IT'S NORMAL FOR A MAN TO PUT A GUN IN HIS SON'S HANDS AND TELL HIM TO KILL? TO TELL HIM THAT DEATH LIES AROUND EVERY CORNER?
SHUT UP, B*TCH.
THAT'S SOME DIRTY TALK COMING FROM SUCH A PRETTY BOY.
I THINK I LIKE IT.
SMAK
Not much time. Gotta get to Sam.
Dad.
I could really use your help right now. We need you.
Looks like I'll have to do my best for now.
SALT


SAM. WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE.
I DON'T GET IT, DEAN. WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS SO *PISSED OFF* AROUND HER? SHE WASN'T DOING ANYTHING WRONG.
SHE'S BAD, SAM. THERE ARE BAD PEOPLE OUT THERE, GROWN-UPS WHO KILL EACH OTHER. AND SOME WHO EVEN KILL KIDS.
"ONE DAY YOU'LL SEE HOW BAD SHE REALLY IS.
OR MAYBE NOT, IF I CAN HELP IT.
WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T COME OUT. NOT UNTIL I TELL YOU IT'S SAFE.
Who am I kidding? This isn't going to do much. Just gotta try to buy some time.
Figure out what to do next.
'Cause no doubt, she'll make the next move.
Any second now.
BOOM
WOW, DEAN. LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT ME.

I could be in Libertyville by now. Neck deep in the Devil's Gate. Right on Lilith's trail, inches from the kill.
Or on a fool's errand. Realizing too late that I was wrong.
Guess I've learned that no matter what anyone tells you...
...a demon-possessed killer, or a roadside waitress...
...you're best off following the storm.
Because too often in the darkness, you find answers.
In this case, a **signal** I taught Dean.
And as much as I might fear what's to come...
...I know I'm in the right place.

WHAM
PAM. NO!
She's gone.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK, JOHN. NO ONE WANTS TO WATCH THEIR CHILD DIE IN FRONT OF THEIR EYES.
KRAK
I'm sorry it has to end this way.
Though something got to you long before I did.
EXORCIZAMUS TE, OMNIS IMMUNDUS SPIRITUS, OMNIS SATANICA POTESTAS, OMNIS INCURSIO INFERNALIS ADVERSARII, OMNIS LEGIO, OMNIS CONGREGATIO ET SECTA DIABOLICA...

Gone.
Don't like the silence. Silence is the space where fear lives.
SAM? YOU OKAY?
SAM?
KRAKOOM
THWUMP
WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER?
YOU'VE GOT TO GET USED TO THE FACT THAT HE'S MINE NOW.

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. BUT YOU *FAIL*, JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER.
ANOTHER REASON HE NEEDS A MOTHER.
SAM. I'M HERE. THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT ANYMORE. THERE'S NO ONE TO KEEP US APART.
NO ONE EXCEPT--
--YOU!
SO YOUR BROTHER WORMED HIS WAY INSIDE YOUR HEAD, DID HE?
BLOOD RUNS DEEP, I SEE. SO BE IT.

I'm not too late. I turned back in time. I know it.
It's not too--
DEAN!
DAD...
...LOOK...

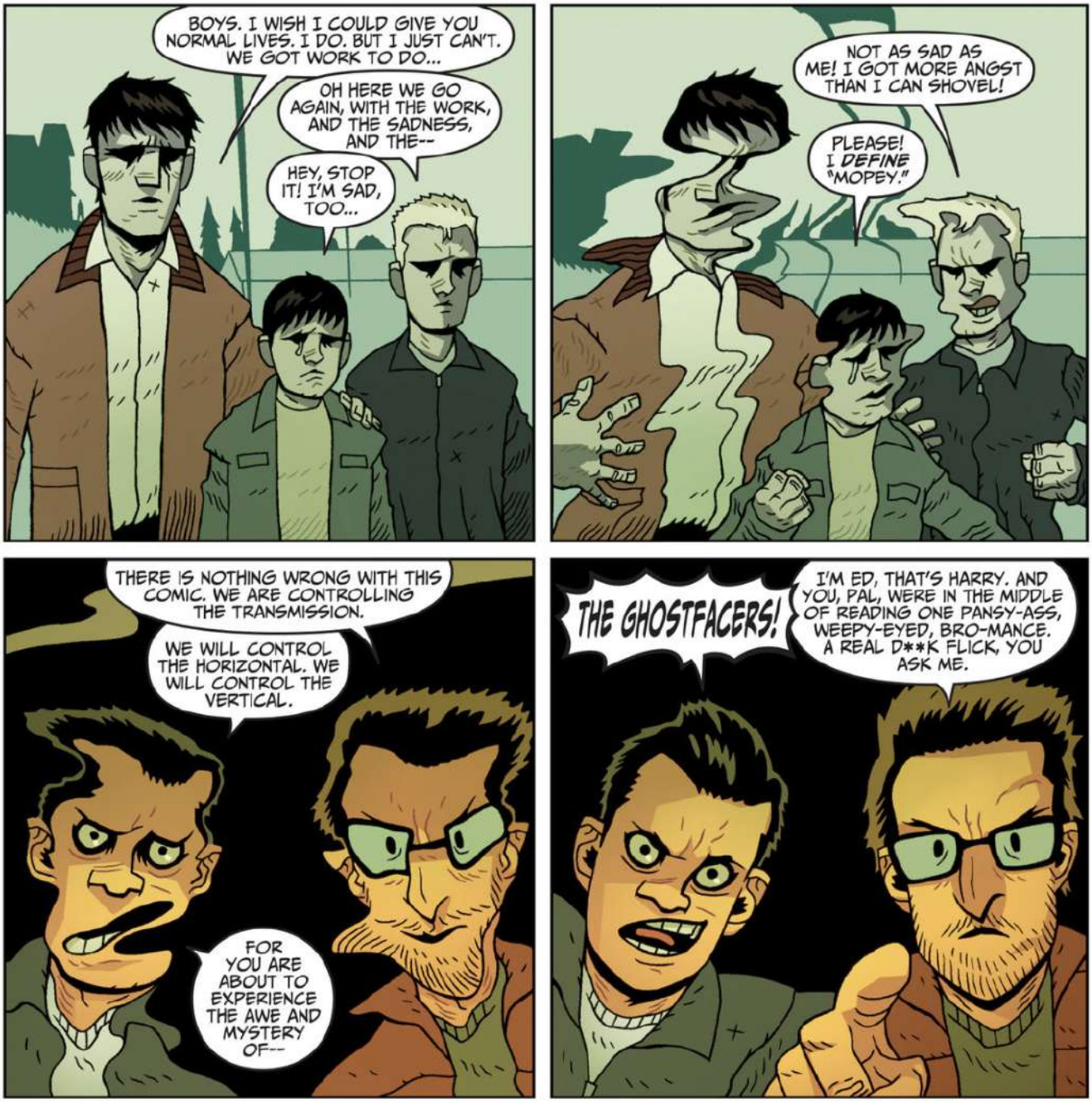
YOU *LIKE* ME ON TOP, DON'T YOU, JOHN?

ISN'T THIS WHAT YOU WANTED?
FACE IT--YOU CAN'T BE A FATHER OUT THERE, ON THE ROAD. ABOVE ALL ELSE, YOU LOVE YOUR WIFE. BUT MARY IS GONE, AND YOU CAN'T GET HER BACK. EVER. THAT FACT IS THE TORTURE THAT KILLS A SMALL PART OF YOU EVERY DAY.
YOUR OBSESSION HAS TURNED YOU INTO A KILLER. LITTLE BY LITTLE, YOU TRY TO BATTLE THE HOLE IN YOUR HEART...
...AND THE DEMONS YOU FIND OUT IN THE WORLD.
DEAN...
Don't worry, Dad.
CHIK
I've been paying attention.
WHOOSH
You're a pretty good teacher.

IT'S TOO LATE FOR DEAN. YOU'VE BROUGHT HIM INTO YOUR BLACKNESS.
BUT I CAN RAISE SAM. I CAN BE THE MOTHER HE NEEDS. GIVE HIM UP, AND BECOME WHAT YOU CAN NEVER BE WHILE YOU'RE WITH HIM. FREE. FREE TO END ALL THIS.
BECAUSE I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, JOHN. EITHER WAY, I'LL ALWAYS BE A PART OF HIS LIFE. EVEN AFTER YOU'RE LONG DEAD. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
AND JUST HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP HIDING THE TRUTH FROM HIM? THE TRUTH THAT'S OUT THERE, EVERYWHERE...
THE CHOICE IS YOURS. GIVE HIM A MOTHER AGAIN, JOHN.
OR SLOWLY BECOME A DEMON YOURSELF.
THUNK
I GUESS I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL.

DEAN, WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER? DID SHE--?
NO. SHE DIDN'T GET HIM. HE GOT OUT SOMEHOW.
BUT I THINK I MIGHT KNOW WHERE HE IS.
SAM.
THANK GOD YOU'RE SAFE. IT'S ALL OVER, SON. WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN.
AND NO ONE'S EVER GOING TO KEEP US APART, I PROMISE.
WE'RE HERE FOR YOU, SAMMY. IT'S OKAY. EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT.

SOMEWHERE
Gotta find him.
But I can't do it alone. Truth is, I shouldn't have to.
Stick together. Stick together. No matter what.
Didn't work out that way, did it? You left...
...for another life. A life without us.
YOU ARE NOW ENTERING
Stanford University
Well, now we need you.
He's gone, and you're the only option I got left.
Sam. Don't let me down, little brother.
THE END


BOYS. I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU NORMAL LIVES. I DO. BUT I JUST CAN'T. WE GOT WORK TO DO...
OH HERE WE GO AGAIN, WITH THE WORK, AND THE SADNESS, AND THE--
HEY, STOP IT! I'M SAD, TOO...
NOT AS SAD AS ME! I GOT MORE ANGST THAN I CAN SHOVEL!
PLEASE! I DEFINE "MOPEY."
THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS COMIC. WE ARE CONTROLLING THE TRANSMISSION.
WE WILL CONTROL THE HORIZONTAL. WE WILL CONTROL THE VERTICAL.
FOR YOU ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE THE AWE AND MYSTERY OF--
THE GHOSTFACERS!
I'M ED, THAT'S HARRY. AND YOU, PAL, WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF READING ONE PANSY-ASS, WEEPY-EYED, BRO-MANCE. A REAL D**K FLICK, YOU ASK ME.

WHICH IS WHY WE'VE HIRED THE FINEST ARTIST IN SOUTHEASTERN MILWAUKEE, TO SHOW YOU WHAT A "REAL MAN'S COMIC" LOOKS LIKE.
A STORY FROM OUR LIFE. RED BLOODED, TWO FISTED, EXTRA CHUNKY, AND 1000% TRUE.
YOU GUYS PROMISED ME TWENTY BUCKS.
SHUT YOUR GOB OR NO MORE SCHLITZ, RUMMY!

GHOSTFACERS in:

THE BEAST WITH TWO BACKS

SO LOCK THAT BASEMENT DOOR, AND DON'T LET MOM IN... 'CAUSE YOU'RE IN FOR THE GREATEST RIDE IN THE HISTORY OF YOUR LIFE!

Written by Eric Kripke & Peter Johnson
Art by Dan Hipp
Colors by Jonny Rench
Letters by Wes Abbott
Kristy Quinn - Assistant Editor
Ben Abernathy - Editor

IT WAS JUST ANOTHER DAY AT GFHQ.
DUDE. I'M TOTALLY BLASTING MY DELTS.
NICE CLEAN AND JERK, ED!
GET A ROOM, YOU GUYS.
WE HAVE ONE. WE SLEEP IN BUNK BEDS, YOU KNOW THAT.
EEP, EEP, IP, CHEEP, URP, IP, IP!
WHAT'S THAT, SPRUCE? A CLASS-IV DEMON SIGHTING? WHERE?
EEP, IP, URP, CHEEP!
OKAY, LET'S WATCH THE TONE, SPRUCE. NO ONE LIKES A SMARTASS.
IT SHOULD BE CLOSE.
YOU HEAR THAT?
WE'RE SO PRETTYYYY. WE'RE THE PRETTIEST BOYS IN ALL THE WORLD.
BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP

YOU'RE VERY BEAUTIFUL... WHICH IS WHY YOU MUST DIE!
NO ONE CAN HAVE FULLER, POUTIER LIPS THAN US! NO ONE!
IT'S OUR ARCH-NEMESIS!! NEMESI? WHAT'S PLURAL?
NOW WE FINISH IT!
WITNESS THE TERRIBLE FURY OF OUR PERFECT BONE STRUCTURE!
BOW BEFORE OUR HIGH CHEEKBONES!

WHAMM-O
HOW'S THAT FOR THE POWER OF GRAYSKULL?!
NOT SO PRETTY ANYMORE, ARE YOU??!
HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU?
TWO WORDS: REVERSE COWGIRL.
HEY, SOMETHING'S WRONG. I FEEL WET... STICKY...
EWWW! HARRY!
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN...
DUDE, HE SPILLED BEER ALL OVER THE COMIC!
SO THERE YOU GO. OUR LIVES. LAUGHS, LOVE, TEARS, DARE I SAY, ENLIGHTENMENT. YOU'RE WELCOME.
YOU MUST BE SPENT. TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY FOR QUIET REFLECTION. WE OUT.
AND DON'T FORGET-- THE MOVIE RIGHTS FOR THIS BAD BOY ARE WIDE OPEN!
THE END